



# Main and 4th



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## Chapter 1 by Cameron Neill

It was dark and the dawn never seemed to come. From his ledge from the corner office of the Advanced Mutual Investment Fund building on Main and 4th street Timothy stared into the night. As far as he could seen had once been his playground, his kingdom, his backyard. And now it felt as though the sun would burn that all away.

He heard a small wet noise and felt something drip onto his fine leather shoe. He looked down to find a red drop. Blood. His blood. His arm must be leaking again.

## Chapter 2 by intellikat



At that moment, between such thoughts, Timothy's mobile phone rang. For a moment he had that terrifying, tingling sensation of losing one's balance, but then righted himself and was able to lift the small device from his pocket and bring it to his ear with some careful contortions.

"Hello?"

"Timothy. I can see you."

Timothy strained his eyes in the night and scanned the neighbouring buildings with lights still glowing in patches and rows.

"Yeah? Can you? Who is this?"

"A friend. Don't do it. Come back in. let's talk. I think we can both benefit from this situation."

"How do you know so much, man?"

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"Just come back in and let

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"Where?"

"Diner on 6th. I'll be alone. Wearing gloves."

The line went dead and Timothy stood in the chill air. After a moment, he slipped carefully back through the broken glass of the window and wondered where he might find a first aid kit on the floor to bandage his cut arm.

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